

The ChopstiX Champion

Artifacts: (1)10x loupe magnifying glass, (2) Superman button, (3) Peruvian rock drawing, (4)Hollywood key chain, (5)Chopsticks

Introduction:

Hello. My name is Rolando, but my friends and family call me Rho for short. Rho, R H O happens to be a letter of the Greek alphabet, which roughly translates to the English letter “R” or the “Rh” sound. The only weird thing about this Greek letter is that Rho looks like the English letter “P”, but who am I to criticize the Greeks?

Today I wanted to tell you a story about something I carry in my memory box. And, here it is. It’s very pretty and shiny isn’t it? It belonged to my wife’s but she gave it to me on one condition, that I take very good care of it, so I will. In my memory box I have a 10 times loupe magnifying glass. This makes very small things like ants and grains of sand look 10 times bigger. I took it on many geology trips I took in college and I can tell many stories about my trips with my loupe, but those will have to wait for another Epoch.

Also in my memory box I have a Superman button. This button is very special to me because I owned a comic book shop and had lots of adventures I could tell you about. But, unfortunately those will have to wait for another Age.

Let’s see now, what else do I have in my memory box. Oh, look at this pretty black rock. This is a very special Peruvian rock with native people’s art on it. If this rock could talk, I’m sure we would be amazed by all the stories it could tell. But it can’t so I won’t tell you those stories either.

But what do we have here? Now this simple and ordinary looking key chain that I bought at Universal Studios in Hollywood, California has a really big story behind it. If things hadn’t turned out the way they did that day, my whole life would have changed in a very bad way. But that story is too emotional for me to relive right now, so you’ll have to wait for the BluRay for that one.

Awe, but what have we here at the very bottom of my memory box? This looks like a couple of sticks? But no, these are just sticks, these are chopsticks and have I got a story to tell you. So sit back, relax and enjoy Rho’s tale of the ChopstiX Champion.

Climax:

My wife, son, daughter and I love to eat out as often as we can. And can you guess what type of food is our favorite? Your Right!!! MEXICAN!!! Oh wait...No... Chinese. That’s right Chinese food from the Broccoli Beef to Sweet and Sour Shrimp. YUM! But there was one problem...none of us were Chinese. Since we weren’t raised in the Chinese tradition, none of us knew how to eat our delicious Chinese food using chopsticks. Do we stab the food with the chopsticks, like this... NO! Do we poke the food with two hands like this... NO! Oh, I know, we throw the sticks into the food like javelins, like this... NO, that’s not right either. Hey wait, there’s instructions on the chopsticks wrapper. “Hold in one hand and move the 2nd one up and

down and you can pick up anything.” That sounds easy doesn’t it? But easier said than done my friends... easier said than done. After learning how to hold the chopsticks my son said, “The first one to stop eating with chopsticks is a rotten Egg Roll.” “Wait, what?” I said, not wanting to be a rotten egg roll. “You’re going down buddy,” I told him with as much bravado as I could hot mustard. So we all ate with our chopsticks, grabbing and dropping and spilling and tossing and chasing our delicious Chinese food all over the table. Well, by the time we were half way done there was more food on the table, our chairs, our clothes and the floor then we put in our bellies. My wife was the first one to give up and started using her fork. I snorted, “Huh, light weight.” And she’s skinny so she really is a light weight. Then my daughter dropped out of the race. I just gave her a conciliatory nod and kept on chop sticking. My son was trying to keep up with me, so when he wasn’t looking, I put a dab of hot mustard on his chopsticks. Now, there’s something you gotta know about my son, he doesn’t like anything spicy hot. He even thinks mild salsa from New York City is hot. So when that hot mustard touched his tongue, his eyes watered, his chopsticks dropped, and he drank down his entire glass of water and his sister’s too. After that, he didn’t want to have anything to do with his chopsticks and finished eating his food using his fork, which made me the ChopstiX Champion of the World and not a rotten egg roll like the other three losers at my table.

Ending:

Ok, I admit I may have che... adjusted the rules a little bit. But as they say, “All is fair in Love, War, and a Chopstick Challenge! And remember a little hot mustard goes a long, long way.

Jie su